

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 965.

THE following story of "Alphonso and Emily," is a correct, though melancholy picture of the result of the endeavours of a parent to quench the fire of love, which had been kindled and nourished by pure and strong affection. If parents can consent to make their children unhappy and miserable by refusing their consent to a union, the strongest inducements to which are real love and virtue, then indeed may the stings of remorse and the reproaches of conscience, which were the lot of the father of Alphonso, be the reward of their inhumanity and indiscretion.—We give it a place under the impression that it will receive an attentive perusal, and with a hope that parents, by reading this "Tale of woe," will gather instruction therefrom, and by suffering love to have its course, rather cement the bond of union, than destroy the future enjoyment and happiness of their children.

It is conceived that parents ought always to be permitted to advise their children in cases of matrimony, and that their counsel ought to be duly considered and estimated, but that they never ought to be peremptory or commanding.—[Ægis.

ALPHONSO AND EMILY.

On a journey which I made a short time since to C—, I one evening took a walk at the foot of a fertile hill, on which stood some very simple country houses, and the scattered cottages of a hamlet. An ancient castle, nearly fallen to ruin, still overlooked those rustic habitations, once its vassals.

A man bowed by the weight of years, and whose interesting physiognomy still retained the traces of long and severe affliction, stopped not far from me, and sighed. Moved by the tears which trickled down his cheeks, I went to him to enquire the cause of his distress, but he prevented me, by asking if I knew the hamlet? I answered that I was a stranger, and that every thing there was new to me. After a short conversation, which is unnecessary to repeat, he began the following narrative:—

"In the hamlet which you see on the brow of that hill, were born and died, about twenty years ago, two unfortunate lovers who are worthy of remembrance. They were virtuous and tender.

"Alphonso de Volsin, the only son of the Marquis of that name, was the sole hope of that family, one of the most ancient in the country. Born with warm passions, and a heart formed for love, he conceived the tenderest attachment for Emily Vesemar, a charming girl, and well deserving of the heart of Alphonso for her grace and her virtue, had haughtily prejudice been capable of acknowledging graces and virtue, without illustrious parentage.

"No sooner was M. Volsin apprized of his son's passion, than he employed all the power of remonstrance and intreaties, hoping to stifle in its birth a passion which appeared disgraceful and unworthy of his name. But it was too late; the impression was made, and that love which already filled the heart of Alphonso, was to decide the happiness or misery of his future life. Restraint only augmented its violence,

and all the exertions that were made to extinguish it, served only to display its power.

Perceiving the inefficacy of entreaties, M. de Volsin was discouraged. From remonstrances he passed to threats, which were soon succeeded by the most rigorous orders. Alphonso irritated by the severity of his father, and distressed by the invincible obstacles which intervened between him and the sole object of his love, listening only to the dictates of his passion, and his despair, signed a promise of marriage with Emily, and thus assured her of his attachment and fidelity as long as he lived.

"M. de Volsin, enraged at the imprudence of Alphonso, and despairing of curing such a violent passion by ordinary means, he obtained a *lettre de cachet* for transporting his son to the West-India islands. The unhappy young man departed with a soul rent with anguish, but without complaint, accompanied by the regret of a too tender maiden, whom his loss plunged into the abyss of despair. The unfortunate girl came herself to deliver to the Marquis the fatal promise of marriage, and to enquire by what means he might be made to relent. "Marry any but my son," said the marquis. "That," replied she, "is the only thing with which I cannot comply." She covered her face, bathed in tears, with her hands, and withdrew.

"Eight months had elapsed since the departure of Alphonso, and M. Volsin, who notwithstanding his severity, still continued to love his son, reproached himself, but too late, with his barbarity, and anxiously longed for an opportunity to recall him. He durst not venture, however, to take this step till he had found an effectual expedient for parting Alphonso and Emily, and for preventing the consequences of their unfortunate passion. There was but one, and that was the marriage of Emily. But how was he to triumph over her constancy, and to induce her to form another connexion? In this point he flattered himself he should succeed, by setting on foot a report of his son's death.—His whole family accordingly went into mourning.

The affectionate heart of Emily was easily imposed upon by these tokens of her misfortune; she entertained not a doubt of the death of Alphonso; her soul was overwhelmed with the idea, and the false intelligence of his loss had nearly cost her her life. The first violence of her emotions was succeeded by a grief less extravagant and less acute; she seemed to take courage to endure new sufferings. Alphonso, who no longer lived for her, was ever present to her view; she conversed with him by night, she sought him all day. She repaired alone to the places they had once visited together, and there in silence indulged her sorrows. Time could not soothe her affliction; in vain her friends endeavoured to amuse her; the fatal blow was struck. The roses on her cheeks grew pale; her youth was rapidly exhausted in tears; and after a few months of anguish, she expired with the name of Alphonso on her lips, and his image in her heart.

Her cruel and premature death consigned M

de Volsin to the horrors of remorse. The image of a distracted father and a family in tears, renewed more powerfully in his soul the recollection of his son; and seeing no longer any obstacle to oppose his return, he hastened to recall him.

"Obedient to his command, Alphonso again crossed the seas. He returned faithful to that love which time, disappointment, and absence, had not been able to erase from his heart. He again beheld the spot where he first drew breath—that spot replete with the revolutions of infancy, which had witnessed his first and his only love. He expected at length to receive again the dear and fatal pledge which he had deposited there.—"There, beneath that roof, dwells my Emily," said he, while tears of joy streamed from his eyes. He quickens his pace, he runs; he enquires for her—Emily, alas! was no more!

Struck with mute despair at this heart-rending intelligence, at this stroke, not more unexpected than terrible; not a tear, not a sigh, escaped him. He was seized with an universal tremor; his knees bent under him—he fell speechless, and pale as death. His father who, expecting his return after such a long absence, passed whole days with his eyes fixed on the road by which his son was to come, his father arrived that moment. He found him extended on the stones, motionless and cold. This unfortunate, and guilty father pressed him in his trembling arms, bathed him with his tears, and called him by the tenderest names. Alphonso, at length opened his eyes—he revived but to curse his existence, and implored death to end his sorrows. He knew his father, he reclined upon his bosom; but in vain he strove to return the paternal caresses; all the sentiments of his heart were extinguished by his profound affliction.

"He was conducted in silence to his father's house. He was again in the bosom of his family, he again received their caresses; but every thing had become strange, every thing was already dead to him. Sometimes motionless, and overwhelmed with stupid apathy, he would seem bereft of feeling; all at once his eyes would become animated, his physiognomy would assume a terrific air, and he would rave like a madman. These fits of passion, madness and despair, together with watching and fatigue, heated his blood. He was seized with a fever, accompanied by delirium. He would then repeatedly pronounce the name of Emily; he would speak to her, ask her questions, give her answers; he would stretch out his arms, as if to hold her, and swear she should never be parted from him. Sometimes he went so far as to curse his father, and to reproach him with his inhumanity. The image of the dying Emily then seemed to pursue him; the sight of this phantom made him shudder; a cold sweat bedewed his face, and his eyes appeared to distill tears of blood. Attentions of every kind were paid him—he rejected them all, and at length they became useless. After a long and painful struggle, surrounded by his family, and in the presence of his disconsolate father, he

raised with difficulty his drooping head, he attempted to speak, his voice failed, and he fell back—Ah! wretched father, I no longer had a son!

Fool that I am, what did I say? My heart speaks at once the language of nature, and of remorse; the horrid truth escapes me, and I accuse myself without intending it. Yes, 'tis I, who am that guilty father, as these bitter tears attest. The victim of an atrocious prejudice, at its instigation, I trampled upon nature and sacrificed my own blood. I planted a dagger in the heart of my son, in the bosom of an amiable and affectionate female, whose only crime was love and fidelity. I have involved an honest and virtuous family in misery; I have occasioned the death of all that was dear to me, and have consigned the remainder of my days to despair. I was unjust, barbarous and unnatural; but forbear to curse me; twenty years of horror, of remorse, of hopeless sorrow, have sufficiently avenged nature and love, which I had outraged; with a conscience laden for twenty years with the murder of my child, abhorred by myself, terrified, haunted incessantly by the image of my son, I mourn, I detest my crime, which I have no hope of ever expiating.

And why should I wish to conceal it? What interest can I have in still dissembling? I have been left on the earth as an example of divine vengeance; but my life ended with that of my son, with him was my family extinguished, and my name will perish with me. Alas! my pangs increase when my strength abandons me, and remorse inflicts augmented torture as I approach my end.

As for you, who are so happy as to be born at a time when this barbarous prejudice has lost its power, learn at least to know the crimes which it has caused; and know them in order that you may hate them. May the just horror which they cannot fail to excite, prevent them from ever being repeated! May I be the last perpetrator of them! May they descend with me to the grave, and there be buried for ever! But were there still an insensate and cruel father like myself, a father who, sacrificing the propensities of nature to ridiculous notions, should expose himself to the everlasting torment of having occasioned the death of those who owed their existence to him, and of beholding their blood rise up against him in the days of his old age, tell him of my crime, my remorse, and my punishment; of these tears which have flowed for twenty years, and of the low and terrible journey which I am making to the tomb.

The old man was silent; he raised his tearful eyes towards heaven, and left me.

ANECDOTES.

In an advertisement for a young gentleman who lately left his parents, it is stated, that if Master Jackey will return to his disconsolate parents, he shall no more be *put upon* by his sister, and he shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea.

A Physician being one day rallied on the inefficacy of his prescriptions, said, he defied any of his patients to find fault with him.—That, answered his friend, is exactly what Jack Ketch says.

AGE.

A SONNET.

Calm in the eve of life, when to the wind
Wakes the sweet scene of retrospective joy;
The happy grandsire clasps his cherub boy,
His youth the dawn of virtue pleased to find.

The infant girl his aged partner sees:
Her daughter's loveliness delights to trace
In every feature of its smiling face.
While both in frolic gambol round their knees.

Their hearts feel pleasure's renovating glow,
And conscience dares pronounce the rapture pure.
For lives of early piety secure,
The greatest bliss creation can bestow—

To meet each moment as it were the last,
Trusting the future—happy in the past.

STANZAS.

THREE rolling years at length are past
Since last we met on yonder waste,
And now, alas! we've met at last.
O my Eliza!

No longer do I see you glow,
No longer hear the ravish'd vow,
That light'ned once this maddening brow.

Has sorrow then so altered me,
Or absence so have changed thee,
That I am doom'd no more to see

My sweet Eliza.
Free as air, and gay as love,
Yet pensive as the plaintive dove,
That waits the day in yonder grove.

O never, never strive again
To aggravate Love's fatal pain,
Nor tear my beating heart in twain,

O my Eliza.
With whispering vows you never meant,
With kisses that you only lent,
To cheat a youth by passion spent.

THE EASY LOVER.

COULD love me, cried Colin, one day, to his lass,
Why frown you thus always upon me?
For if, my dear girl, you'd but look in your glass,
You'd see that those frowns don't become ye.
Beside, let me tell ye, though great be my love,
'Tis kindness alone can support it:
And if you thus always by frowning reprove,
I must fly, and by absence retort it.

Away! replied Chloe, who wants you to stay?
Go, go, and no never come nigh me;
I'm sure when you're present, I wish you away,
To retort on my heart I defy ye.
I'll frown when I please, and I'll smile when I choose,

And to you shall ne'er be accounted:
So go and tell Rose that your love I refuse,
With her you perhaps may surmount it.

I thank you, said Colin: I'll take your advice,
For Rose is as handsome as you be:
And since you refuse me for reasons so nice,
Longer sighing would mark be a booby.
Beside if she's pretty, she also has wit,
To know when to take what love offers.
What says the old proverb? when one don't besit,
To another then tender your proffers.

O What General is most wished for at a public entertainment

A General satisfaction.

DEAN SWIFT OUTWITTED BY THE COBLER.

An English gentleman having some occasion to see the Dean, went over to Ireland for the purpose of waiting on him; but, being an entire stranger to the country, he made many ineffectual enquiries after his place of residence, till at length he found out a cobbler's stall in the vicinity of his mansion, where, seeing the man at work, he enquired of him where the Dean lived. The cobbler, pursuing his business, and unmindful of the enquirer, replied, 'I know nothing at all about him.' In the interim a woman passing by, and hearing the conversation, asked the cobbler if he was not ashamed to say he did not know the Dean, when he lived but a few doors from him? The cobbler still persisting in his answer, the woman directed the gentleman to the Dean, who it would be unnecessary to mention, received him with that politeness and hospitality distinguishable to himself and the country. After the Dean and his guest had completed the business they had been investigating, they went into general topics of conversation; in the course of which the gentleman told the Dean he was astonished that a man of his public character should be so little known; So little known, replied the Dean, I am known from one end of Ireland to the other! Not a shoeblack, nor a chandler's shop, but could direct you! How happens it then, says the gentleman, that the cobbler opposite, now at work in his stall, says he does not know you? Not know me replies the Dean in warmth, not know me! I'll send for him directly, and know the cause of this insult. He sent for the cobbler, who attended forthwith, when, enquiring of him how he dared to say he did not know him? the cobbler (scratching his head) said, your honour I never knows a man I never drank with, and I never drank with your honour. The Dean conceiving him to be one of his sort in eccentricity, said, well, cobbler, we will be better acquainted, and ordering up a bottle of wine, bid him sit down and drink with him; which while they were doing check by jole as the saying is, the Dean enquired after his pursuits in life—as, how he lived, what family he had, &c. The cobbler told him he had a wife and six children, and nothing but his labour to depend on. The Dean then asked him if it would do him a service was he to lend him £5, and to take it by instalments at 2s. per week; to which the cobbler answered, he should consider him the best friend he ever had. The Dean immediately gave him the money, with a positive injunction that he should come on that day week, and every succeeding day on the weeks following, till the whole of the money should be paid, which the cobbler agreeing to, they had recourse to their conversation and the bottle. When the cobbler found the bottle nearly exhausted, he asked the Dean if he would grant him a favour. The Dean, after some hesitation, said he could not grant a favour unless he knew the conditions. The other said he could not propose it unless he unconditionally agreed to comply with it, stating there was nothing improper in it. The Dean conceiving the cobbler an oddity like himself, agreed to grant it. The cobbler then said, will you agree to cobbler's law? Cobblers law! said the Dean: but I have promised, and will agree. Then said the cobbler, the cobbler's law is this, that he who is the receiver, treats; and as I have received five pounds of you this night, here is my two shillings for the bottle of wine. The Dean took his money, and at parting desired him to be punctual, which the cobbler promised. On the first day of payment the cobbler went to fulfil his engagement, and paid the Dean his first instalment, which after having received he was leaving the room, when the cobbler told him he was the receiver, and of course he must treat him. For take you, said the Dean, if cobbler's law obliges me to treat you with a bottle of wine every time you pay me two shillings, I'd better be without your custom. Keep the money, and don't trouble me any more.

Some soldiers once fell upon a watchman in a small town, in a lonely street, and took away his money and coat. He immediately repaired to the Captain of the regiment, to complain of his misfortune. The captain asked him, whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore, when he was robbed by the soldiers. Yes Sir, replied the poor fellow. Then my friend, rejoined the captain, I can assure you they do not be-

long to my company, otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat or shirt.

A gentleman having a servant with a very thick skull, used often to call him the King of Fools. I wish, said the fellow one day, you would make your words good: I should then be the greatest monarch in the world.

STEELE.

There is a very laughable anecdote related of Steele, which is truly characteristic of his general deportment. He was a man of acknowledged ability. His education and genius rendered him famous in every department of literature and science. The only faults attached to him were a too great profusion in his dainties, too generous, and a great indifference to his property; faults, which, however appropriately applied in Steele's days, we find but rare instances of at present. To the overflowing, and we may add unwise generosity of his heart was owing the pecuniary difficulties and embarrassments in which he was often involved.

One day Steele invited to his house a large number of persons of distinction to a convivial treat. They were all acquainted with his circumstances in life, and were greatly surprised at the great number of liveries which surrounded his table. After they had refreshed themselves, and the generous wine had warmed them to familiarity, they asked Steele how such an expensive retinue was consistent with his fortune? Steele, in a good natured, facetious manner told his guests that he would be rid of them if possible; but they were bailiffs who had visited with an execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they did stay!

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 15, 1807

The city inspector reports the death of 77 persons (of whom 24 were men, 17 women, 12 boys and 23 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of abscess 1, apoplexy 2, consumption 10, convulsions 11, debility 1, decay 9, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 1, drowned 2, dysentery 2, epilepsy 1, bilious fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 16, inflammation of the lungs 2, influenza 1, insanity 1, liver complaint 1, mortification 1, old age 2, small pox 1, sprue 1, still born 2, sudden death 2, syphilis 2, teething 3, whooping cough 1, and 1 of worms.

MORGANTOWN, July 21.

On Monday last it was remarked by the neighbours that the house of Mrs. Mary Bennett had been kept shut up all that day and the day before; upon enquiring it was found that an orphan girl and a black girl, each about 15 years old, and the only persons about the house, had gone the day before to a neighbour's house where they remained—they were taken before a magistrate and examined, and committed to jail on suspicion; shortly after the house of Mrs. Bennett was broken open, where

the old lady was found lying in her bed, weltering in her blood. On examination, it appeared that she had received four blows on the head with the pole of an axe, three of which appear to be dangerous; some hopes, however, are entertained of her recovery.

The black girl, since her commitment, says it was done by the white girl, with a view of taking the old lady's money and going off, but it is most probable they were equally concerned.

MURDER.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, Feb. 2.

The court of criminal justice of the department of the Roer condemned to death on the 24th of last month, Gerard Optenhoff, jun. found guilty of the murder of Elizabeth Nellen, his cousin german, and acting as servant in his father's house. The following are the particulars of the horrible event:

Elizabeth Nellen, 17 years old, was extremely handsome, and had all that freshness of complexion so often seen in a country girl; she was remarked for the tenderness of her looks, and a gaiety which never forsook her, added an inexpressible charm to the other gifts she enjoyed from nature. The young Optenhoff saw and loved her; he seduced, and promised to marry her. Two months after this event, Elizabeth Nellen told him she thought she was with child, and intreated him to remember his promise, under the apprehension that he might marry the daughter of a rich farmer, whom her lover had lately courted. Optenhoff told her not to be alarmed, that he would keep his promise, and fixed the day for the flight of both, in order, he said, to oblige his father to consent to their union. Elizabeth, overpowered with joy, laid open to her sister and brother in law the prospect of the happiness which awaited her. At ten at night she left her father's house. Let us now hear the recital of the guilty wretch, who confessed every thing after his condemnation. He stated, that he had agreed to meet her in a rye field, in which were found the rope and stick he made use of to accomplish his infernal purpose. He had also provided himself, previous to his going thither, with a bottle of brandy, the half of which he made the unfortunate Nellen drink, in order to intoxicate her. The monster having succeeded in his design, continued to make her drink until she lost her senses; then it was he consummated his atrocious scheme. He put the rope round her neck, and then tying a knot, placed his stick in it and twisted it until it had strangled her. She expired without a single shriek or groan. After a quarter of an hour had passed over, persuaded she was quite dead, he carried her on his shoulders, and threw her into a draining well, where she was found the following morning. This done, the monster returned to his father's house, and went to bed with great composure; at least he said so, because he thought himself secure from discovery.

May women, said the President of the court in recapitulating the evidence; May women take warning from the terrible lesson presented by the credulity and end of the young Nellen; and may the monsters who are tempted to walk in the ways of Gerard Optenhoff, know that Almighty Justice and Divine Providence, present in all places, are irrefragable witnesses of every thing which passes in the obscurity of the night, and in the utmost recesses of the heart.

COURT OF HYMEN

Each by each admird
In mutual honor, mutual fondness joined;
Like two fair stars, with beams angelic bright,
In friendly union they together shine,
Aiding each others brightness.

MARRIED;

On Friday evening 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Charles May, jun. to Miss Mary Phillips, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyle, Mr. John Johnston to Miss Sarah Rachel Barrick, both of this city.

On Wednesday morning at St. John's Church, by the right Rev. Bishop Moore, John O'Neil, Esq. to Miss Mary Jay, only daughter of Sir James Jay.

At Albany on Saturday evening the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Basset, John T. Crolius, son of John Crolius, jun. of this city, to Miss Angelica Marchant, daughter of the former place.

At Troy on Tuesday last, Dr. Eliphalet Noy, President of Union College, to Mrs. Gertrude Crolius.

MORTALITY.

Blest are the dead who in Jehovah die,
They weep no more, nor heave the pained sigh;
But burst the tomb, and in full glory rise
To reign with angels in the immortal skies.

DIED,

Suddenly on Thursday, in the 45th year of his age, George Brewerton, Esq.

On the 12th inst. aged 73 years, Mrs. Elizabeth Ashley, wife of Mr. Wm. Ashley.

On Tuesday morning of a lingering illness, Mr. Samuel Jayne.

On Saturday afternoon of a lingering illness, and in her 70th year, Mrs. Mary Schackerly.

On Saturday morning at West Farms, Mrs. Sally Russel, wife of Mr. Samuel Russel, merchant of this city.

At Norwalk in Connecticut, on Saturday morning last, Mrs. Mary Brinkerhoff, wife of Mr. Cornelius Brinkerhoff of this city.

At Coxsack on the 4th inst. Ezra Reed, Esq. in the 67th year of his age.

Near Charleston, Mr. William Hunt, aged 35. He had set out with a widow lady for the purpose of being married together, and as night approached they were overtaken by a violent thunder storm, and missed their way and lost each other. His horse, however, carried him home. When near the house, and not answering to repeated hailings, they conceived him to be a runaway negro, and the son of the widow shot him dead.

Suddenly in London. Opie, the celebrated painter, and his band of the no less celebrated and amiable authoress of the Mother and Daughter, Simple tales, &c. His funeral was the most splendid private one remembered, sixty Noble mens carriages followed the hearse, besides a multitude of others, belonging to private gentlemen.

JEWELRY,

At No. 4 Park, between Shakespeare Gallery and Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his customers, that he has for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, sea-s and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention; he will sell at the lowest price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory to be equal to any. August 15 1m

RAGS

Cash given for clean cotton and linen RAGS at this office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE SHIPWRECKED BOY.

'Midst lightning swift flashing, while thunder burst loud,
The sea toss'd the vessels top-mast to the cloud,
Descending, she struck on a sharp sunken rock,
And parted, while terrible shrieks tell the shock.
No pow'r was at hand from the tempest to save,
So the whole were entomb'd in a watery grave,
Save one on a plank, fate forbore to destroy,
In despair reach'd the shore—A poor shipwrecked boy.

Wet, trembling, and fainting, he rose from the strand,
Borne up by a stake chance had left for his hand;
After wringing his locks, he surve'd the new scene,
For the storm had gone by, and the heav'n's were serene;
To the upland he look'd, saw a cottage to please,
For the white smoke of plenty curl'd through the thick trees:
He brighten'd his face with the sun-beams of joy,
And away for the cot bent the shipwrecked boy.

The dame saw him coming, and flew to the hatch,
Her daughters and sons plac'd themselves at the hatch;
The lad 'gan his tale with a heart-rending sigh,
And points to the wreck with a tear in each eye;
For fond recollection disturb'd his kind breast,
As he felt for his shipmates the pang unexpress'd,
Attention with pity the rustics employ,
And this was the song of the shipwrecked boy—

"No friend to protect me, no parent to guide,
My parents and friends are all lost in the tide,
Quite cold are their lips in yon pit less brine,
And the kiss of affection no more shall be mine."

He paus'd, while bright tears from the cottagers flow,
E'en Tray shook his tail at the streams of his woe;
The kind-hearted red breast, unheeding annoy,
Perch'd near the sad song of the shipwrecked boy.

"Scarce a thing have I sav'd from the terrible wreck,
These trousers all dripping, this shirt on my back,
Is the whole I can boast of—in pity then spare,
And grant me that comfort you nappily share.
Faint as it bright streams down the precipice flow,
The hearts of the throng felt humanity's glow,
Conduc'd to comfort's productive of joy,
And uspan fled the breast of the shipwrecked boy.

ANECDOTE

A soldier having, by order of a court-martial, been sentenced to receive corporal punishment, one of the drummers, ordered to inflict it, absolutely refused, saying that it was not his duty. Not your duty, said the sergeant-major—Not your duty repeated the reluctant, what do you mean? I know very well, replied the drummer, that it is not my duty—I was present at the court-martial as well as you, and I heard the colonel say he was to receive corporal punishment. I am only a drummer, not a corporal.

MORALIST.

REFLECTIONS IN A BURYING GROUND.

Here is the last state of life's journey; here is the collective read of suffering mortals; here is a sad reveal from the buried shufis of malice, from pointed perils, and from misery's rod. Here, after noble and ignoble views—after every ardent wish after pursuing every fluttering object, we find the issue of them all. Here from servile bondage and oppression's iron hand, rests the wretched negro, whom chance had made a slave, here he forgets his galling state, and with his lordly tyrant sleeps equally accommodated. Here the oppressor and the injured moulder together. Here sleep the meanly saving, and the riotous profuse; here prostrate in the dust lay the degraded relics of soaring mortals! 'Tis not then to remember the transitory vision of terrestrial greatness, and act so as to be prepared to pay the momentary loan of Heaven's great lender!

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

J. Greenwood Dentist to our late illustrious Washington, has lately returned from Paris, with a beautiful assortment of human teeth, of her Materials, improvement, &c. in the line of his Profession, and continues to replace Teeth on improved plans, in the very best manner, at moderate prices; that every one he applies may be benefited. Every necessary explanation and information given free of expence, at his house No. 14, Vesey-Street, opposite St. Pauls Church yard.

August 8 964—1m.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Lephorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do do.
Paper do do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do do Wreaths,
Lephorn flats by the box or dozen,
Paste boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing silks,
Sarsnets, white and pink,
Open work, straw trimming and tassels.
With every article in the Millenary Line by Wholesale only.

November 926—tf

PETER STUYVERSANT,

LADIES SHOE MAKER,

Has removed his store from No. 115 to his old stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and a variety of fancy Kid of all colours, Kid Sandals, Morocco, &c. all of the latest importation.

The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West-India market. All orders will be executed with dispatch. May 23.

CISTERN.

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by ALFORD & MERVIN,
No. 15 Catharine-street, near the watch-house

FOR SALE

A Black Girl, 14 years old, sober, honest, and industrious, Price 65l. Enquire at No. 279 Broadway

NOTICE.

J. Woollendale, Dentist has removed from No. 84 Broadway, to No. 27 Partion-street, opposite the lower corner of St. Pauls church-yard.
May 23 963—3m

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE,
NO. 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' or ornamented CO 438, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s per pot

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb

Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per dot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or pear Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essence
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glowing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pama tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s & 1s 6d
Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box.

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 3. 1807

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dye No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York

Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Lad dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient

December 6.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

NO. 3 JACK-SLIP.